

# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

30th September, 1961

## BATTLE OF THE SNAILS

A small war has broken out in the Seychelles; but the contestants are snails, which presumably will fight only at their own pace.

Vegetables, fruit, and rice crops on these islands of the Indian Ocean have been devastated by hordes of giant snails, most of them as much as eight inches long. Teams of men have worked hard to check them by using poison spray, but this method had to be abandoned when water supplies were likely to be affected. Then someone remembered a species of small snail which preyed on the crop-eating type.

An army of these little snails was flown in—a sort of airborne

invasion—from the island of Mauritius, 1,200 miles to the south of the Seychelles. Watch is now being kept on this Battle of the Snails, but if it is fought at a snail's pace, results may not be evident for some time. In the meantime, another airlift has brought much-needed food to the people of the villages most affected by the ravages of the giant snails.

Snails have also crept into the news in another part of the world—in the Philippines. There on the island of Guimaras giant snails have destroyed crops over some 400 acres, and 8,000 families face difficult times.

### Long drink



George the giraffe gets a nice long drink from the only member of Chipperfield's Circus who can reach him easily—the Stilt Girl

### BIG BANG OF 800 MILLION YEARS AGO

The strange experience of witnessing an event that took place 800 million years ago has come the way of an astronomer, Fritz Zwicky, at Mount Palomar Observatory, California. He saw light from a remote exploding star that has taken all that time to reach the Earth after travelling at 186,000 miles a second.

It was the most distant starburst known, Mr. Zwicky told an international meeting of astronomers. Before the explosion, the star was about the size of the Sun.

### Bottled message

Seven-year-old Jacqueline Boldra of Great Yarmouth is to have a visitor from Holland. In June she put a message into a bottle and threw it into the sea. Now she has heard from Melania de Uries of Amsterdam whose father picked the bottle up on the Dutch coast. Melania is coming over to see Jacqueline for a holiday.

### Saved from the Witch-Doctor's Spell

Many Australian Aborigines still dread the power of black magic. Recently a very sick woman was brought to a Queensland hospital after being placed by a witch-doctor under what is known as the "bone-pointing" death spell. Doris Namoose is her name, and she had probably

offended against some tribal laws. All she could say about her illness was that she had "Black fellow poison."

The nearest "flying doctor" was called in and soon reported that with skilful nursing and the removal of her fears, Doris was once more eating well and on the road to recovery.

## SHARK! SHARK!



### Fishing for monsters at Cornwall's International Festival

Early in the morning of 30th September the first cry of "Sharko!" will probably be heard across the water off Looe, in Cornwall, and a line will run out with a high-pitched scream of the reel. Then the first three-day International Shark Fishing Festival to be held in British waters will have really begun.

At 9.30 that morning 120 anglers from ten countries will go out in boats to match their skill with rod and line against the big sharks. These are not the man-eaters of tropic seas but none the less fierce creatures of upwards of 150 lb. and having immense strength.

ONCE mackerel, pilchard, and whiting were the livelihood of the fishermen of Looe with their sturdy gaff-rigged square-sail luggers. Then the sharks were only a menace. They made inroads on the shoals of fish, tore the nets, and might mortally wound any fisherman who fell overboard near them.

But nowadays the luggers have replaced their sails with diesel engines and are used by shark angling enthusiasts throughout the summer season. Today they are better at finding the sharks than shoals of fish which are not so numerous as they once were in those waters.

Shark fishing off our coasts was unknown before the last war. It was made popular by Brigadier J. A. L. Caunter, an Eighth Army veteran who retired to Looe. He went out alone to catch his first shark. The old fishermen thought he was mad. But he caught one and word got around. Soon people were coming from all over Britain, and even from abroad, to try their hand at catching a shark.

By 1952 shark angling was established as a growing sport and the Brigadier formed the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain which has since become the largest sea fishing club in the country. It is under the club's rules that the International Festival is being held.

Five species of shark are found in Cornish waters—the Blue, Mako, Porbeagle, Thresher, and Basking shark. But the last-

named rarely takes a bait—which is just as well because he weighs several tons.

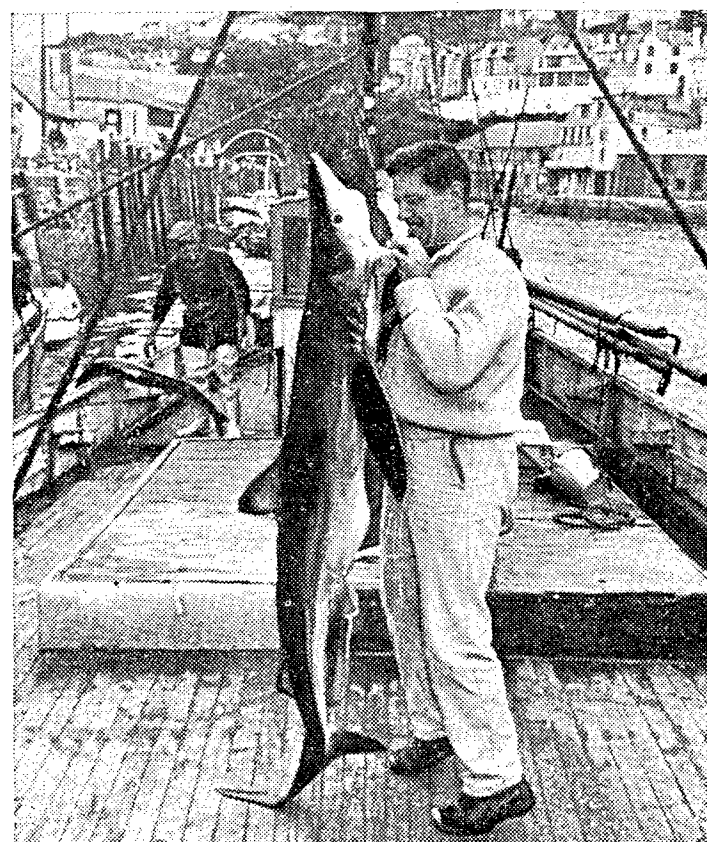
The sharks are attracted by bags of "Rubby Dubby" hanging in the water. This consists of pulped pilchard, the oil and blood in it leaving a trail on the water. The sharks smell the blood and swim after it.

The oily trail or "slick" lengthens out astern as the boat drifts, and two anglers at a time bait their hooks with more pilchard and cast them over the side. A float is attached to each line at the seven fathom mark to prevent the bait sinking too low. Then the anglers put on their harness, a leather or webbing strap round the shoulders. The rod is fastened to this, in front of the angler to give a good purchase when fighting a fish.

Sometimes a shark may take the bait immediately. At other times there may be a wait of an hour or more before anything happens.

Then the float will suddenly vanish below the sea and at that

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Man-sized shark caught at Looe



# STRONG MAN OF YUGOSLAVIA

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

One of the most important figures in the modern world is Marshal Tito, President of Communist Yugoslavia. With President Nasser of the United Arab Republic and Premier Nehru of India, he heads the influential group of neutral nations.

These nations stand outside the world's two great military alliances, the Western bloc led by America and the Eastern or Soviet bloc dominated by Russia. And recently Marshal Tito was host in Belgrade, his capital, to the representatives of 24 of these neutral nations.

MARSHAL TITO was born in what was then the Kingdom of Serbia, in May 1892, the seventh of 15 children. His real name was Josip Broz and his father was a village blacksmith.

In those days eight out of ten children in this region died before the age of 15 and Tito has written: "Often there was not enough bread and my mother was driven to lock the larder while we children received what she could give us, and not what we could eat."

One terrible Winter, when there was no food in the house, his father, Franjo, sold the family sheep-dog, called Polak. But the faithful dog kept returning home. Franjo relented and let them keep Polak.

Tito considers himself lucky to have gone to school at all, for schools were rare in those days except for the better-off people. During his fourth year his report read: "Conduct—excellent; catechism—very good; arithmetic—fair; drawing—good; singing—good; gymnastics—good; gardening—very good."

When he was 12 he had to leave school. For a time he looked after cattle. Next he became a waiter, and then was apprenticed to a locksmith. He studied at



Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia

night-school and read everything he could lay his hands on, until his master found him reading *Sherlock Holmes* stories at work. After some angry words Josip ran away, but was caught and sent to prison. His master got him released and he went back to work.

At the end of his service, at the age of 18, he plunged into politics, helped to organise trade unions and joined the Social Democratic Party.

During the First World War Tito fought for his fatherland, then ruled by the Austrians. But

he was captured by the Russians, with whose cause he sympathised.

Modern Yugoslavia arose after the war from the union of the old States of Serbia with Montenegro, but it was not actually called Yugoslavia until 1929.

Tito returned to his country, which was still a monarchy, in 1921 full of revolutionary ideals. He became a labour leader, spent five years in prison for illegal activities, and then disappeared. Apparently he adopted the name of Tito to mask his identity.

We next hear of him organising volunteers to fight against General Franco, now the dictator of Spain, in the Spanish civil war.

## National hero

Through this experience he learned how to deal with the Nazis when they invaded his country during the Second World War. He became a national hero and when Belgrade was liberated from the Germans in 1944, a People's Republic was proclaimed under Tito.

Tito's Yugoslavia was, for a time, expelled by the Soviet Communist bloc, and then reinstated. But Tito doggedly refused to join either the Western or Eastern "camp."

His position in the neutral bloc is unique. All the other nations are African or Asian and none of them is Communist though some of them may sympathise with Communism. But Yugoslavia is European and, although Communist, prefers her own brand of Communism to the stricter forms practised by Russia and China.

In other words Yugoslavia is like her doughty leader—not only neutral between East and West, but strongly individual, too.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

### SEA DOG

Expert ploughmen from many countries are arriving in France for the World Ploughing Championship at Grignon, near Versailles, on 30th September and 1st October. Britain's representatives were chosen at a contest near Ripon last November.

### A FISH FOR A STONE

Michael Thomas, a Watford boy, throwing stones into the sea at Hopton, Suffolk, hit a 14 lb. cod as it was lifted by a wave. The blow stunned the fish, and Michael's father waded in, grabbed it by its tail and hauled it ashore.

Fifty-five boys and ten leaders of the British Schools Exploring Society have returned from their seven-week expedition north of the Arctic Circle in Norway. They surveyed and mapped a glacier, and lived among Laplanders.

### NELSON RELICS

A dirk carried by Nelson as a midshipman, and a sword he wore as acting lieutenant, have been given to the Royal Navy by Mrs. A. C. Whitcombe of Seaview, Isle of Wight. They were handed over at a ceremony on H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth.

The milk industry is losing 330 million bottles a year at a cost of £8,000,000.



Framed in a ship's lifebuoy is Ledi, a Border collie on the way from Scotland to take up new duties in Malaya. Ledi will work on an experimental sheep station.

Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide, has left England for a six months' tour of Canada, the United States, and Mexico.

### THEY SAY . . .

By training the children, first as pedestrians and then as cyclists, we can make them still better drivers, when they grow up, than their predecessors.

Brigadier R. F. E. Stoney, Director-General, Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

## Shark-fishing off Cornwall

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moment the watching angler throws himself into a swivel chair with his feet braced and starts reeling in the slack of his line as fast as he can. The critical moment is the one when he has to decide to strike. The strike is a very quick upward sweep of the rod when there is just enough, but not too much, slack in the line.

A strike at the right moment and the hook is home. Then the struggle begins.

### Great struggle

The next ten to fifteen minutes can be a great strain on the arm muscles as the shark gives battle with the line deep in the water below the boat and the powerful rod bent into an arc.

After a lot of hard reeling-in, a faint blur can be seen below the water. It is the shark almost at the surface. But it is not the moment for the angler to congratulate himself.

Before he can wind that last foot or two on to his reel, there are several violent jerks on the rod and the big fish is away into the depths again with the spinning reel shrieking as the line runs out all over again. Fifty, 100, 150, probably 200 yards of line will go out. Then without warning the rod will straighten and the line go limp.

There is a pause by both contestants and then the battle starts again. The shark is slowly brought back to the surface near

the boat by "pumping." This means that the rod is alternately lowered towards the fish and then raised till it is close to the angler's shoulder. On the downward movement the slack line is reeled in and on the upward movement the line is held fast and the shark literally pulled by man's strength through the water.

So long as the shark has its tail in the water it can shoot away again into the depths.

But if the angler's movements are well co-ordinated and he does not tire before the shark, the fish will be landed. When it does break surface the skipper of the boat, or the other anglers, must get its tail out of the water before it is lifted from the water with a big steel hook called a gaff, otherwise it can still get away. Heavy leather gloves have to be used as the shark's skin is as rough as a coarse file and feels rather like handling broken glass.

### Fishy tales

Should you go to Looe this year or next, you can hear from the locals and the anglers many a tale of a fight with sharks—often of record catches by women and young boys out for the first time. It is a sport which appeals to many and some have a natural aptitude for it.

There is also the fun of going ten to fourteen miles out to sea in a fishing boat in search of one of these merciless killers of the deep.

JOHN WATNEY



## OUR HOMELAND

Rugged grandeur around Loch Hourn in Inverness-shire



## Translating languages at 60,000 words an hour



A machine which can translate one language into another at the rate of 60,000 words an hour was demonstrated to Government officials in London the other day.

The product of a Washington firm, it translated 8,000 words from the Russian newspaper *Pravda* into English in a mere ten minutes. Then it showed its versatility by turning Russian into German and other languages.

More has yet to be done to develop such a machine to the full, but it is expected that within a year the rate of translation can be stepped up to 150,000 words an hour. In due course, translation might rise to a million words an hour.

### STARTING ON SATURDAY



Congratulations to Nicholas Hall, an eleven-year-old of Crawley, Sussex, who has won a junior exhibition at the Royal College of Music for his piano playing. He starts at the College on Saturday.

### SCHOOLGIRLS DIG UP A CASTLE

Traces of a stormy period in our history have been found by a team of girls from Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Barnet.

At the nearby village of South Mimms they went to work on the site of an emergency fortress put up in the 12th century by Geoffrey de Mandeville, a scheming

### First map of the world's soil

Plans for the first map of the world to show the distribution of the chief types of soil were approved by scientists in Rome recently.

The project, to be carried out by the International Society of Soil Science, will take about seven years to complete. The aim is to fill gaps in present knowledge of what the soil could produce throughout the world and help governments to make the best use of land. The map will be printed in English, French, Spanish, and Russian.

### Village under the sea

Traces of what is believed to be a drowned Sussex village have been found at low tide by three young skin-divers off Littlehampton.

The village, which was called Cudlow, was overwhelmed by the sea in the 17th century when it stood at what was then the mouth of the River Arun.

### HEALTHY NORWAY

Norwegians can expect to live longer than any other people. According to a new United Nations survey, the average expectation of life in Norway is 71 years for men and 75 for women.

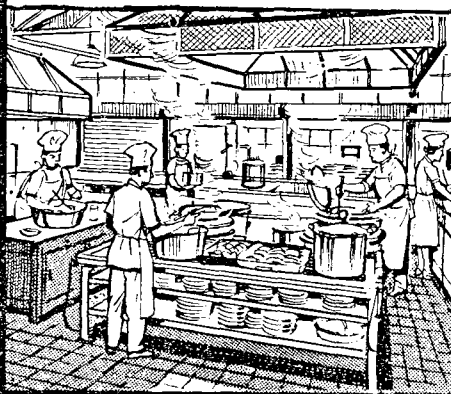
This is believed due to the clean air, high standard of living, and the care taken of the sick and elderly.

man earl who fought, and betrayed, both sides in the civil war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda—rival claimants for England's throne.

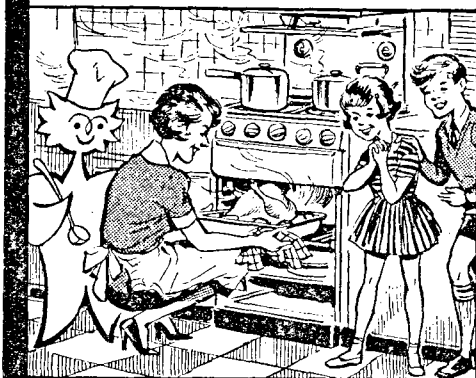
The castle had a strong flint wall and among the finds were Norman arrowheads and an iron knife.

## Just One Therm

Mr. Therm tells you some of the wonderful things a therm of gas does at home and in industry.



Because gas is such an ideal form of heat for cooking, it is used not only at home but also in the great kitchens of factory canteens, big hotels, and famous restaurants. Hundreds of meals a day can be prepared and cooked to a turn for hungry factory workers or for big families spending their holidays at a seaside hotel, all with the aid of the invaluable Mr. Therm. With just one therm of gas, a chef in a busy restaurant can grill 48 pounds of steak, or fry 56 pounds of fish, or cook 112 pounds of chipped potatoes, or boil enough water for 1,000 cups of tea—thanks to Mr. Therm!



The oven in Mummy's gas cooker at home is fitted with a device called a thermostat, which makes sure that she gets the right amount of heat for the food she is cooking. She may want to bake pastry, which needs a very hot oven, or cook a casserole, which needs less heat and cooks more slowly. All she has to do is to set the dial on her cooker to the right number for the amount of heat she needs, and the thermostat will make sure the oven stays at the right temperature. Using just one therm of gas, Mummy can cook dinner for four people in her oven eight times over—that's enough dinners to last more than a week!

Issued by the Gas Council.

## HERE'S OUR SUPER COMPETITION!

### Mr. Therm's Whirligig

HOW TO ENTER: If you start in the right places and take every alternate letter, you'll find each circle contains the names of two things mentioned in the above story.

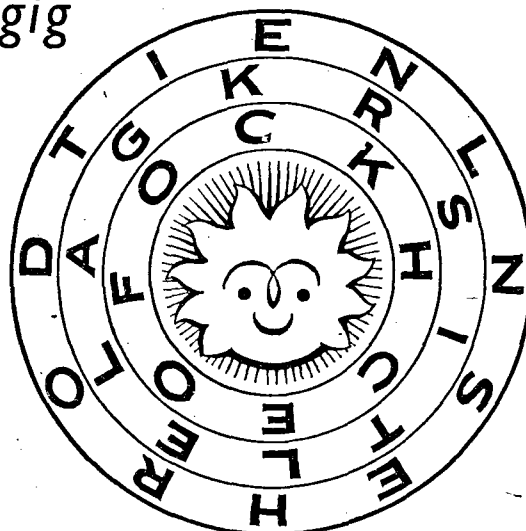
List the six answers neatly on a postcard, add your full name, age, and address, ask a parent or guardian to sign it as your own unaided work, then post it to:

Mr. Therm's Whirligig No. 5, Children's Newspaper, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.).

Mr. Therm will award £2 2s. Book Tokens for the three neatest correct entries (with writing according to age taken into consideration) received by Friday, 6th October, and his decision is final.

#### MORE "TELL ME, MR. THERM" WINNERS!

The winners of our Tell Me, Mr. Therm Competition No. 8 are Lynne Appleby of Redcar, John Anderson of Glasgow, and Deborah Lusby of Westcliff-on-Sea.



## GOOD COOKS USE GAS!



# Busy days for Kika Markham

NOR many young actresses find themselves so suddenly in the spotlight as Kika Markham, 20-year-old daughter of actor David Markham. Everything seems to be happening at once to Kika. Last Friday she was due to make her Children's TV debut in the Associated-Rediffusion serial *Frontier Drums*. Next Tuesday she is in BBC junior radio, reading a six-part serial in the Home Service. And before the end of October, Kika gets her first starring role in an ATV play, *So Long At The Fair*.

Trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Kika Markham made her first broadcast last year in BBC Children's Hour in *The Kingdom of Carboneil*. She was chosen by Children's Hour chief David Davies because her voice sounded so young. For the same reason she has been picked to read *Seraphina* on Tuesday. This is a novel of school life by Mary K. Harris, in which Kika is heard in all six instalments as Seraphina Brown telling her own story.

In ATV's *So Long At The Fair* she will appear in a part very like the one she plays in *Frontier Drums*. She won it almost by chance when ATV producer Christopher Morahan happened



Kika Markham as she appears in *So Long At The Fair*

to meet her with her father. Said Mr. Morahan: "I found myself looking at an actress with a child-like, old-fashioned appeal who could be acceptable as a young Victorian girl."

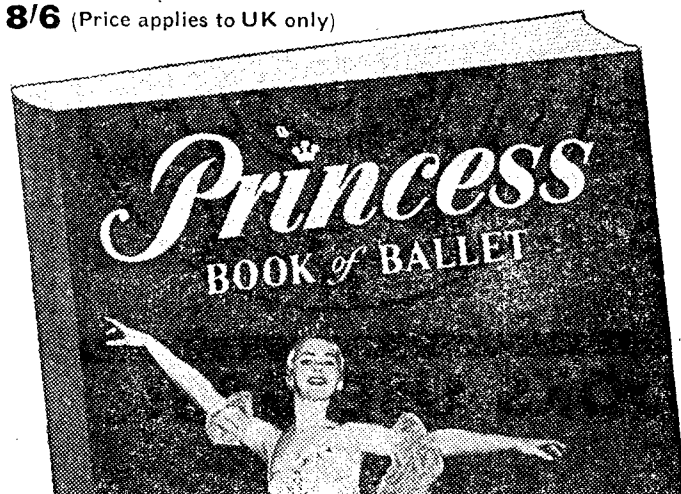
The story, to be screened on 29th. October, is a mystery thriller. Kika Markham plays the part of Vicky, who goes with her brother to the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The boy disappears . . . but all turns out well in the end.

Vicky is a wonderful part for a young actress. In the film version it was played by Jean Simmons.

## New Book for Young Ballet Fans!

Hello all young ballet lovers! Here's a new book on ballet, beautifully illustrated with pictures by Mike Davis. It takes you behind the scenes at Covent Garden and the Royal Festival Hall and tells you how ballet first started. You will thrill at the wonderful full-colour pictures of famous ballet dancers and scenes from ballets. It's on sale now at most bookshops and newsagents—it's . . . the 'PRINCESS' BOOK OF BALLET

It's a Fleetway Annual  
8/6 (Price applies to UK only)



## Man with his own loco

HAPPY the boy who can grow up to drive his own railway engine. Such a dream came true in the case of Captain Smith, who will be seen in next Tuesday's *Railway Roundabout* in BBC Junior TV. He lives at Enfield, Middlesex, and is the proud owner of an old Great Northern saddle-tank locomotive. John Adams and Patrick Whitehouse filmed him on the footplate.

Luckily, Captain Smith has a piece of track on which to run his "Enthusiasts' Special." It belongs to the concrete firm where he works and he has full permission to drive the old saddle-tank to his heart's content.

Talking of tank engines, there is another film in *Railway Roundabout* picturing life on an ancient Western Region specimen which still potters backwards and forwards between two English counties—Tenbury Wells (Worcestershire) and Woofferton (Shropshire).

## JUST HAVING A HUNCH

Play *Your Hunch*, the guessing game which begins in BBC television at 7.30 p.m. next Tuesday has been a top-rating success on American TV for the past two years. It is not a panel game. Two couples drawn from the studio audience compete in each round. It is a test of intelligence and quick observation.

A typical problem, according to a BBC spokesman, would be having to guess who of three people wearing top hats has a glass of water balanced on his or her head under the hat.

The chairman will be that cheerful, wisecracking disc-jockey and bandleader, Jack Jackson.

## Mystery of the trunk

IF I told you what was in a certain trunk, it would spoil your enjoyment of *A Bouquet for Juliet* in BBC Junior TV next Tuesday.

This extremely funny little play by C. E. Webber opens on a bright sunny morning when a taxi pulls up at a grand hotel and Mrs. Tupper gets out. Her luggage consists of one old-fashioned travelling trunk which is deposited on the pavement. The porter and page-boy find it heavier than it looks.

Hazel Hughes plays Mrs. Tupper, John Barrett the porter, and Sam Jephcott the page. Other people we meet, who are equally baffled by the mystery, include Bidy (Laurie Morton) and a boy with a guinea-pig. The boy is nameless, and when he sees what comes out of the trunk he is also speechless. He is played by Lindsay Scott Patten.

# WIN AN AWARD FOR SOMEONE ELSE

## Name your heroes and heroines

AT a time when so many people chase after awards for themselves, here comes a chance to win an award for someone else. John Rhodes, head of Associated-Rediffusion children's programmes, is heading a search for likely winners of the *Tuesday Rendezvous* award. It can be won by youngsters of any age up to the late teens for something done which is really worthwhile or adventurous.

The first winner was 17-year-old Margaret White of Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, who recently became the youngest girl to swim the English Channel. She was handed the award—a badge entitling her to the freedom of the Wembley Studio whenever *Tuesday Rendezvous* is on the air—by Howard Williams on 12th September.

Modesty prevents candidates from pressing their own claims, and that is where the ordinary viewer comes in. Said John

Rhodes: "We hope that viewers will write to us with the names of children who might be entitled to the award. We do not aim to present more than two in any programme, so the 'club' will have quite a selective membership."

If you know someone who has achieved something really fine or out-of-the-ordinary, why not write? The address is John Rhodes, *Tuesday Rendezvous*, Associated-Rediffusion, Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

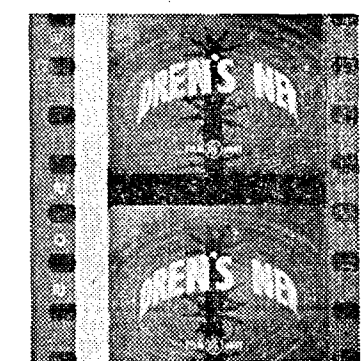
INCIDENTALLY, John Rhodes has had lots of letters since I reported in CN his request for viewers' suggestions on features they would like to see in *Tuesday Rendezvous*.

Howard Williams says: "We have had a large number of requests—particularly from girls—for items on ponies or anything to do with riding."

## Last of the Newsreels

TAKE a good look at the opening sequence of BBC Children's Newsreel this Thursday. We shall not see it again. After running for 11 years, the Newsreel is coming to an end. The BBC say this is to make way for a more modern type of children's programme, although at the time of writing plans are not complete. I understand, however, it will combine film with "live" excerpts from the studio and outside locations.

Don Smith, who has been Children's Newsreel producer from the beginning, explained to me why he has always used the opening sequence illustrated in the film-strip in the next column. "I've always believed we should never let people forget that Britain started the world's first public TV



service," said Don. "Our background picture is of the original Alexandra Palace television aerial erected for the opening in 1936, several years before any other country thought of having a television service."



John Barrett, Hazel Hughes, and Sam Jephcott in a scene from *A Bouquet for Juliet*.



## WHO'S WHO at the ZOO



### Please don't disturb

When a flamingo wants to sleep he just tucks one leg and his head comfortably away among a lot of nice warm feathers.

## Monkey that was jealous

A SOUTH AMERICAN squirrel-monkey was presented to the Zoo the other day by a Southsea householder. The animal, a male named Chico, had been kept as a pet for the past three years, but recently it had become much less trustworthy, especially with young children.

"Jealousy was the cause," said an official. "This is by no means uncommon with monkeys. Those which have long been pets often become so attached to their owners that they resent any attentions paid to others, and show their hostility by biting their 'rivals'."

"We snapped up the offer, for we have for some time had an eligible female squirrel-monkey for whom we wanted a partner."

# WATCH THE WAPITI

## Paul is in a belligerent mood

ONCE again London Zoo officials are being forced to take special precautions to safeguard unwary visitors from sudden onslaughts by Paul, the 650-lb. North American wapiti who has again grown another impressive pair of antlers. Living all alone, he has no rivals to fight. So, when feeling belligerent, he "attacks" his fence—to the danger of passers-by.

"There have been one or two narrow escapes lately," said an official. "So we have had the bars of the wapiti's compound wired over with a strong small-mesh wire. Paul's mood varies with the state of his headress. In the earlier part of the year he is amiable and docile. But today, with his antlers fully grown and

measuring three feet or so, he is a menace to keepers and visitors alike.

"The wire mesh will have a double purpose: to stop him pushing the tips of his antlers through the fence bars, and stopping visitors from pushing their hands through the bars to offer him food. There is always the chance that, in his present mood, Paul may crash his antlers down the arm—and break it."

"Although this wapiti was bred at Whipsnade in 1951 and has been accustomed to close contact with people all his life, he is never to be trusted during the closing months of the year. However, he should become quite docile again when his antlers drop off in a few months' time."

## The cotton-wool babies are doing well

KEEPERS at Whipsnade Zoo found four large white-shelled eggs lying in the grass during the Summer. They had been laid there by a rhea, one of the white-plumaged South American ostriches, birds that do not make normal nests but simply deposit their eggs on the ground. Because of the poor weather conditions at the time, and the possibility that the cock rhea (who normally incubates the eggs) might fail in his duty, they decided to take no

chances. They transferred the eggs to an incubator. Now, seven weeks later, all have safely hatched.

The rhea chicks, a foot or so tall and clad in the fluffy white plumage resembling cotton-wool, are being hand-fed twice daily by a keeper, on biscuit-meal, clover, and lettuce.

"So far all is well with them, and we hope later to return all four to the paddock where their parents are," he said.

## DEADLY FOURSOME

REPTILE keepers coming on duty the other morning found there had just been born the most dangerous quadruplets seen there for some years. They were four diamond-backed rattlesnakes, a Mexican species noted for its aggressiveness and the potency of its venom.

"The baby 'rattlers,' nine inches long, compared with their six-foot mother, were apparently each born with the first segment of the 'rattle' in place. This is unusual," said an official. "Most rattlesnakes at birth do not have any sign of the rattle, the first segment of which appears only after the baby snake has undergone its first moult."

"The diamond-backed rattlesnake is one of the three most venomous snakes in the world," the official added. "The venom has been known to kill a man within two minutes of being bitten."

## Killer in the Ostrich House

"A gardener saw Old John take a vicious peck at one of the crane chicks which was just then standing close beside the dividing fence," an official told me. "The mesh was only one inch wide, but it was sufficient for the stork to get his beak through. The chick died before keepers could get to it."

"Seeing what had happened,

Stanley and Sarah, the parent cranes, leapt about, flapping their wings and calling loudly. When they had calmed down, both stood over their dead baby, prodding his body gently with the tips of their beaks, as though trying to bring it back to life. Fortunately, their surviving youngster is doing well."

Craven Hill

## LOOK OUT FOR THIS FILM

# On a pony ranch in Virginia



Paul Beebe (David Ladd) and his sister Maureen (Pam Smith), with a foal on their grandfather's ranch

MISTY. David Ladd, Pam Smith, Arthur O'Connell, Anne Seymour.

Life on a pony ranch can be very exciting; it can also have its problems, as the orphaned Paul Beebe (David Ladd) and his young sister Maureen (Pam Smith) learn in this film set on the island of Chincoteague, off the coast of Virginia.

Paul accompanies his grandfather (Arthur O'Connell) on the annual round-up of wild ponies on another island near by. He comes across The Phantom, a beautiful pony which up to now has always proved too speedy to be caught. But this time The Phantom has a foal, and Paul is able to lead both to the waiting

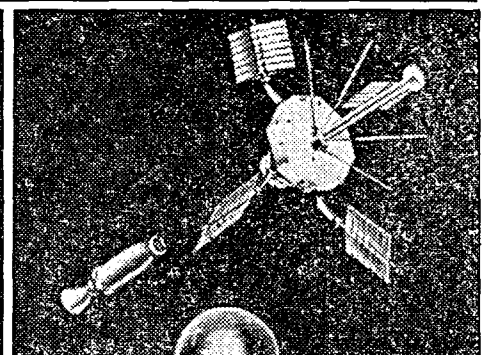
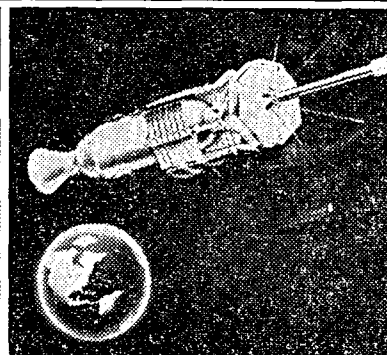
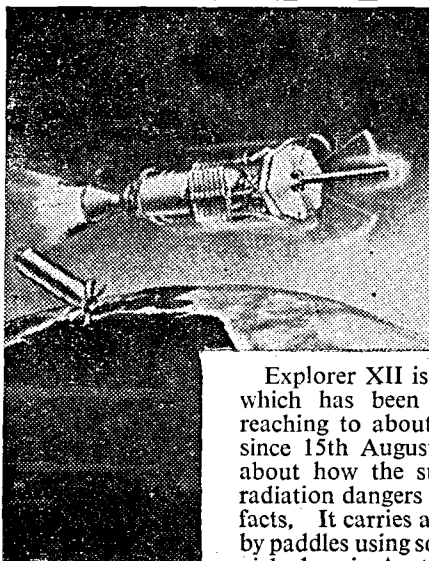
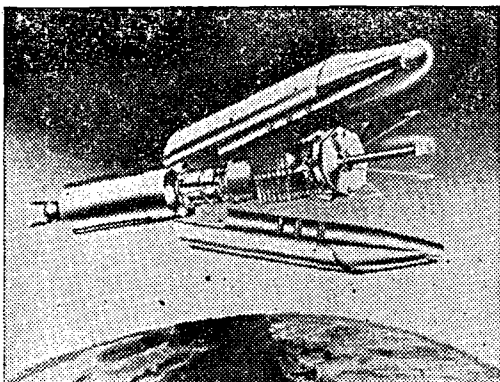
round-up party. Then scores of ponies take to the water—a magnificent spectacle this—to swim across to Chincoteague. Fearful for the foal's safety, Paul swims alongside it.

The youngsters manage to buy The Phantom and her foal, which they call Misty, and set off happily for the ranch.

Soon, however, Paul and Maureen realise that they must face up to a heartbreaking situation: Can they keep Misty and let The Phantom go; or must both be set free?

This is a fine film indeed, and beautifully photographed in De Luxe colour. It was shown at the recent Vienna Children's Film Festival.

## THIS IS EXPLORER XII THE SPACE MESSENGER



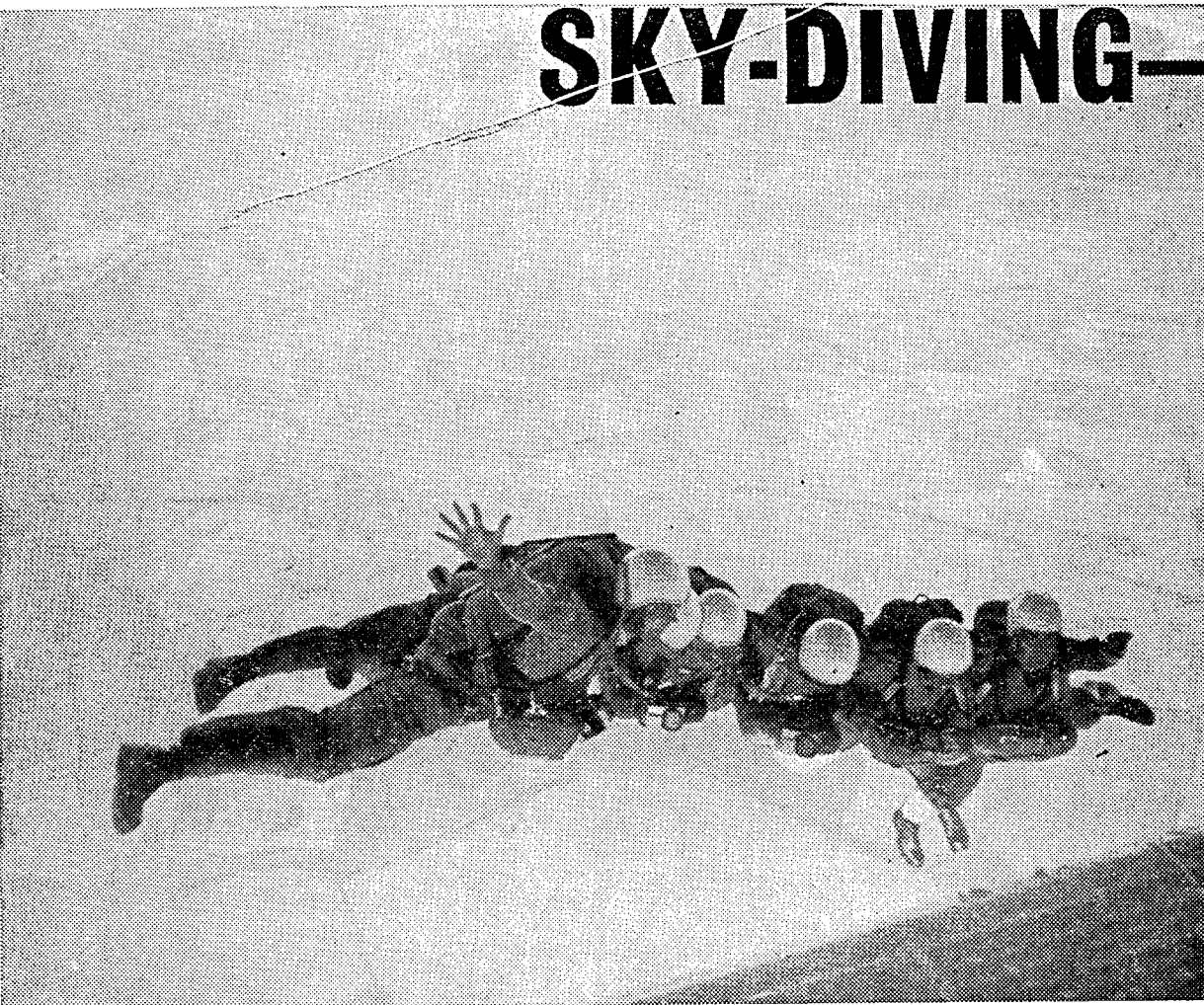
Explorer XII is the name of this little satellite which has been flying in an immense orbit, reaching to about 48,000 miles from the Earth, since 15th August. It is telling scientists more about how the sun affects our weather, about radiation dangers to space-ships, and many other facts. It carries a two-watt transmitter, powered by paddles using solar energy, and its messages are picked up in Australia, South Africa, and Chile.

Our pictures (from left to right) show final stages of the launching:—the cover splitting away; the third-stage rocket taking over as the second-stage drops away; the satellite at 24,000 m.p.h. as the third-stage burns out; the rocket falling away and the satellite free in space with paddles extended to a spread of about five feet.

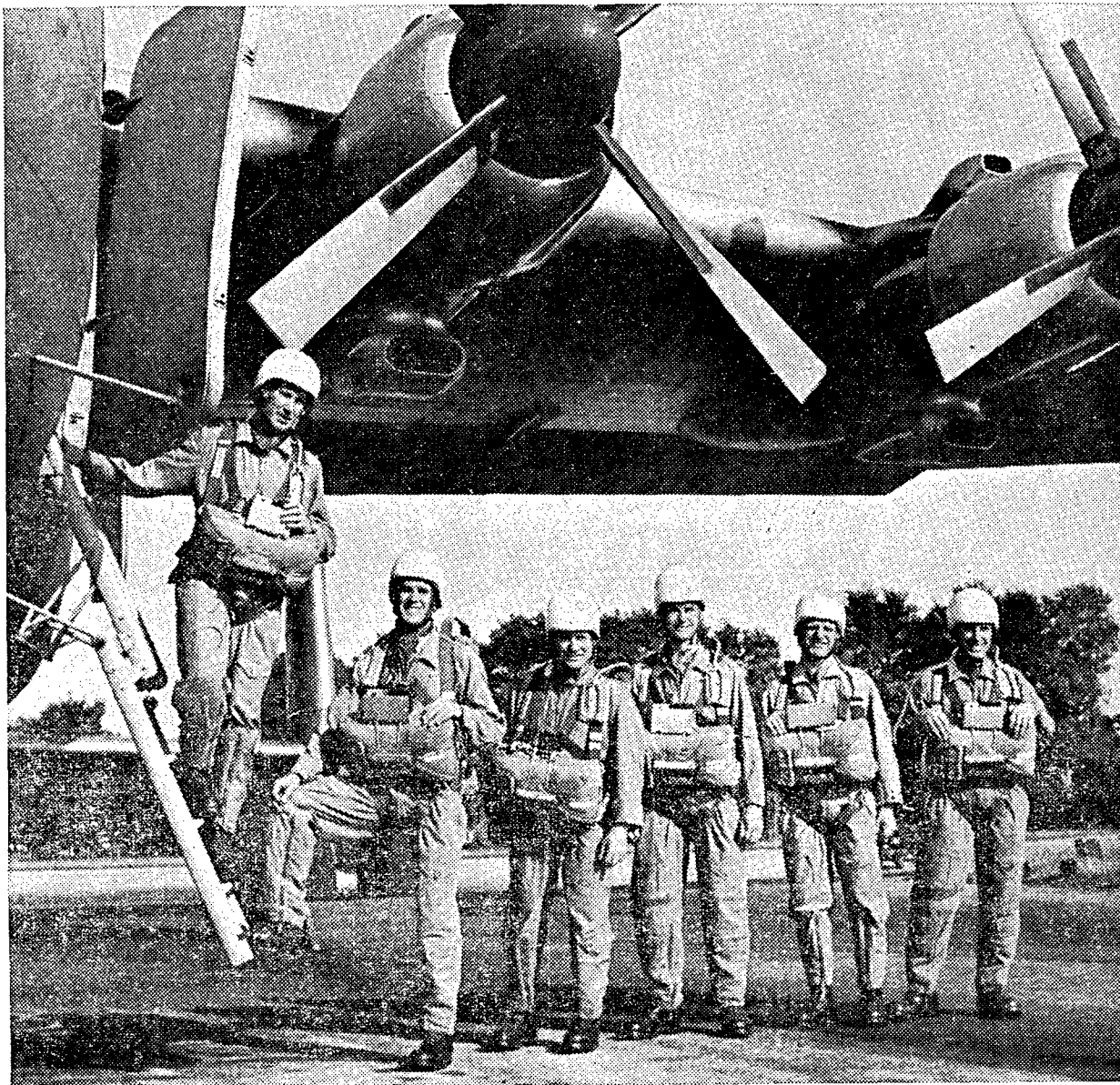
Explorer XII is made of nylon and glass fibre and weighs 82 lb.



# SKY-DIVING—NEWEST AND SPORT OF



Six sky-divers swoop earthwards together



Six instructors from R.A.F. No. 1 Parachute Training School board a Beverley for practice jumps

**SKY-DIVING** is what they call it—the thrilling new sport in which parachutists plunge towards the ground, using their arms and legs to influence the direction of a free fall through the air. Just as a diver jumping from a board at a swimming bath can perform various acrobatics as he swoops towards the water, so does the sky-diver as he drops towards the ground from an aircraft.

The delayed drop, that is, deliberately delaying the opening of the parachute, has been practised for years by airmen, especially during the war when flak was bursting all round them. What is new is the use of the so-called stabilised position during the free-fall period, before the rip-cord is pulled and the 'chute opened.

## Dropping diagonally

The sky-diver spreads his arms and legs and then goes through various acrobatics in order to "track" himself—drop diagonally instead of vertically through the air—towards a target on the ground.

The parachute used differs from the ordinary type in as much as it has several panels missing. By pulling on the cords, the jumper can turn the "gap" in the direction he wishes to go and can thus guide himself even nearer his target.

The R.A.F.'s first Parachute Display Team has been giving some breathtaking performances of sky-diving lately.

Linked arm-in-arm, they jump backwards out of a plane at 9,000 feet, turn a somersault together, and hurtle down for 45 seconds before opening their parachutes. On the way down they do their tracking acrobatics, keeping an eye on the altimeters and stop-watches on top of the spare parachutes strapped to their chests. Not until they are only 2,000 feet from the ground do they pull the rip-cord.

## Human bomb

The sport of sky-diving, already popular in the United States, Russia, France, and other countries, is now rapidly spreading in Britain. In a sky-diving competition a parachutist jumps from an aircraft, aiming himself like a human bomb at a cross in the centre of a target area on the ground.

An old hand at the sport, Captain J. K. Pitt, of the 44th Independent Parachute Brigade (T.A.), talked to a CN correspondent about sky-diving. "The first jump is quite an experience," he said. "Any normal man is nervous. After all, to

step calmly out of a plane at 7,000 feet is dead against human nature—even though you know the 'chute is bound to open!"

His own first jump was certainly an experience—his rip-cord stuck! He had to tug hard with both hands to pull it. "It was a nasty moment," he said. He did his training in France, where the sport is so popular that even boys of eleven and twelve take part. But every would-be sky-diver must make five "static" descents—in which the parachute is opened automatically—before he is allowed to fall free. He must also pass a written examination.

Captain Pitt demonstrated the "stabilised" position in which the jumper leaves the plane. It is something like a swallow-dive, but with legs spread out. Then he showed how, by curving back the arms and thrusting out the head, the diver can "delta"—move diagonally downwards.

He explained that a jump is planned on the ground. After



He aims himself at



Ready to



14th September, 1961

# MOST EXCITING IN THE AIR

discovering the strength and direction of the wind, the sky-diver decides over which object he will jump and over which one he will pull the rip-cord, and informs the pilot accordingly. Before he leaves the plane, the jumper sets his stop-watch for the time he intends to fall free—the time it will take him to reach 2,000 feet above the ground.

In Britain, however, sky-divers are likely to be handicapped by the weather. A clear sky and a wind of not more than 15 m.p.h. are essential for a good day's sky-diving.

## "Exhilaration"

How does it feel to be zooming and twisting in thin air all by yourself? "I enjoy it a lot," said Captain Pitt. "It's a wonderful feeling of exhilaration, and of being in complete control of one's nerves. And it's a wonderful feeling when you land and realise you have made a good descent."



the target—and plunges

Nevertheless, he says he still feels a "twinge" of anxiety before each jump. "It's like going in to bat at cricket."

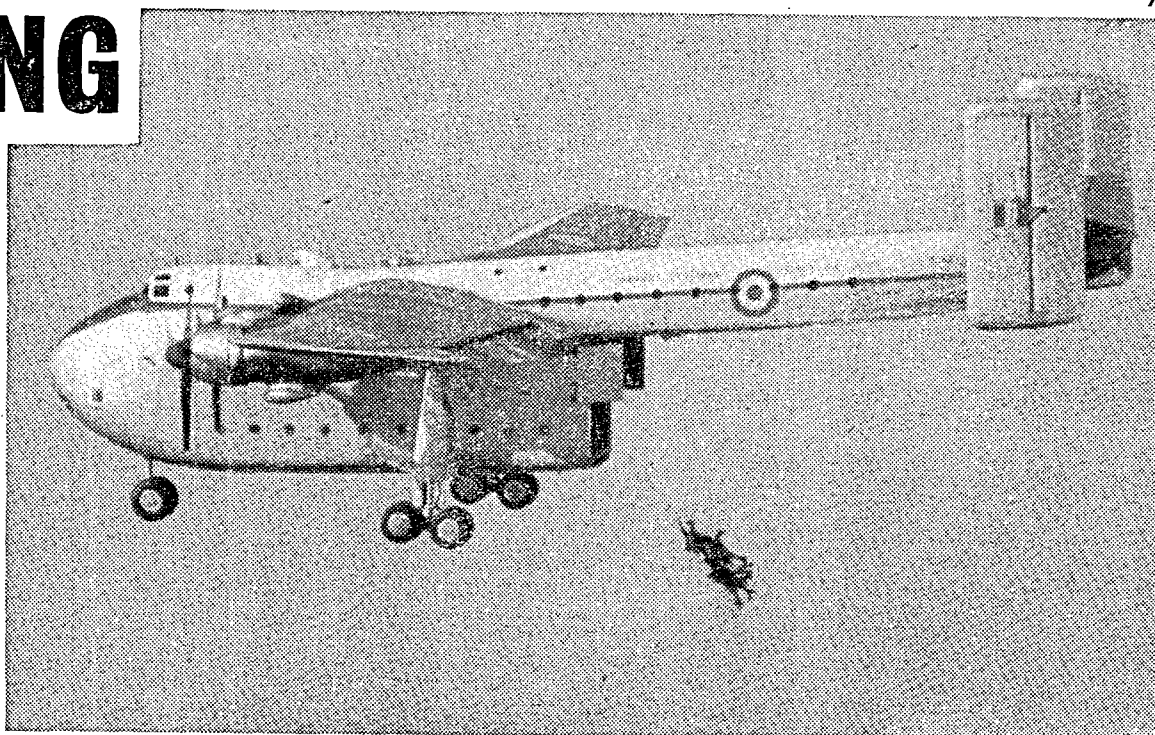
What about the dangers? "The chief danger is landing in the wrong place—on top of a house, on telegraph wires, or trees," he replied. "You can do yourself a lot of damage like that. Another danger—an odd one—is when an inexperienced sky-diver becomes fascinated by some object on the ground and watches it on the way down. This seems to lull him into a false sense of security and he forgets to open his 'chute at the right moment, or leaves it until it is too late."

So if you go sky-diving, do not become too absorbed by the glorious view!

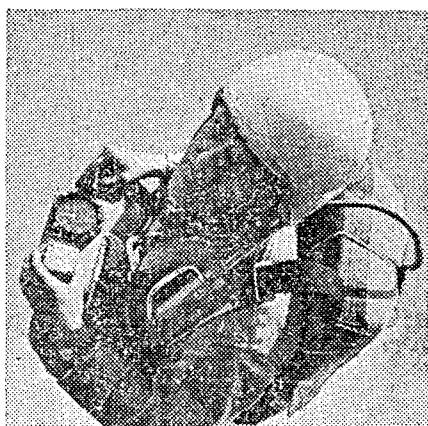
Sky-diving in this country is now organised by the British Parachute Association. There are about 12 clubs for amateurs—weekend sky-divers—and more are likely to be opened. The Army and R.A.F. run their own clubs. The first National Championship in Britain is to be held at Goodwood, Sussex, next Easter, and British enthusiasts hope that experts will be found there to represent us at the World Championship at Orange, Massachusetts, in the Summer of 1962. At Orange, competitors will have to carry out four turns and two loops during 20 seconds of free-fall.

As for nerves, an instructor once said to his class: "If you're not nervous, go and see the doctor, because there's something the matter with you."

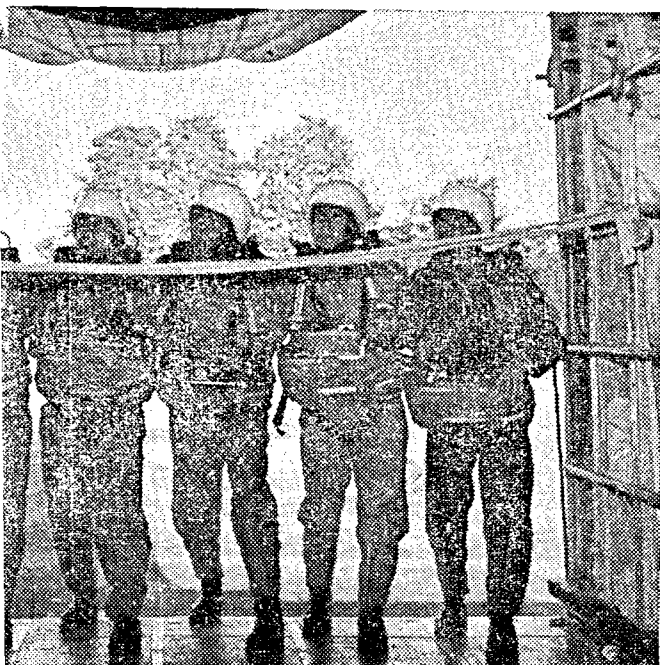
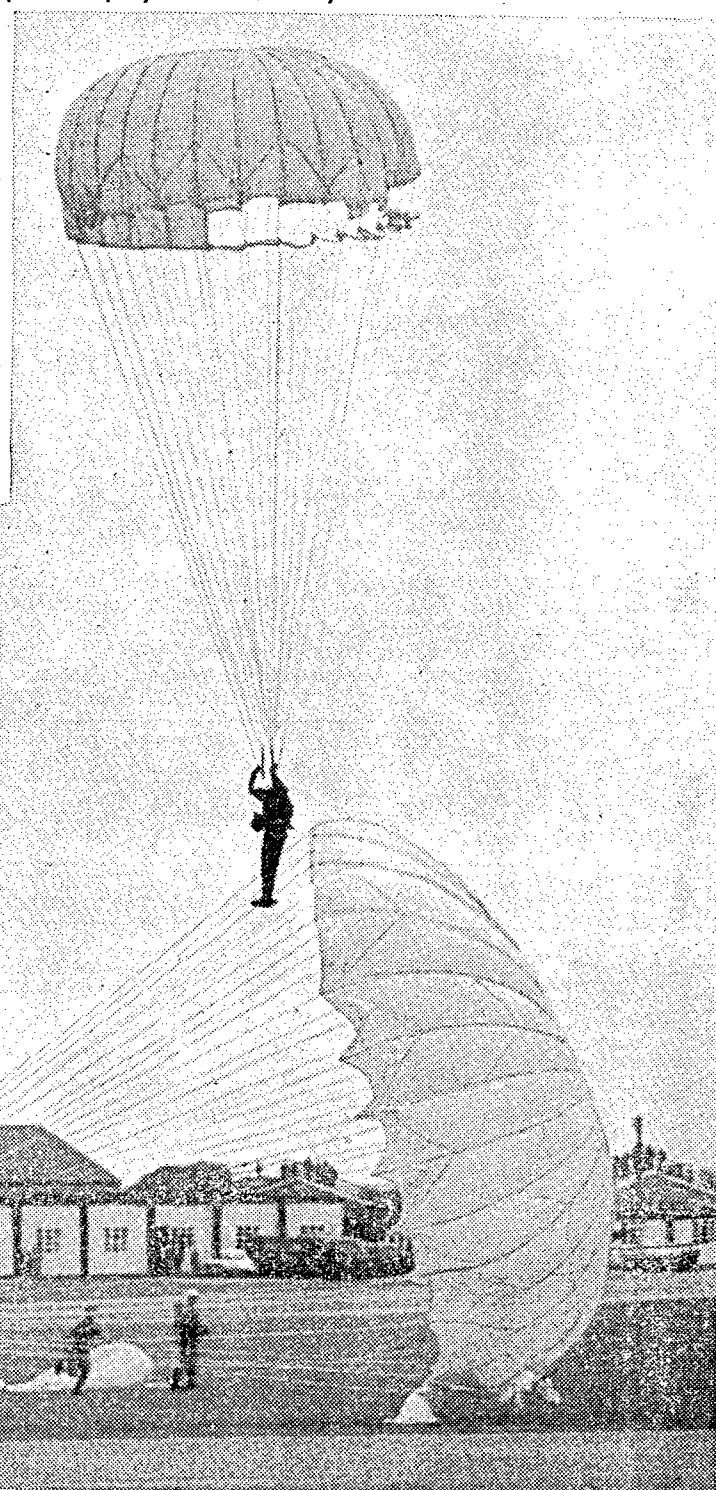
Once they have gained confidence, however, sky-divers declare that swooping and rolling in the air like a bird is one of the grandest feelings in the world.



Parachutists part company from a Beverley aircraft



Checking the equipment—altimeter and stop-watch



Practice line-up by R.A.F. instructors

The end of a perfect jump. Army parachutists give a display



# FIVE BLACK CROWS

## And how to tell the difference

THERE are five black species of crow breeding in the British Isles, and they are liable to cause a little confusion to bird-watchers, especially at first. Three of them are very common—the rook, carrion crow, and jackdaw. But the raven is much less common, though quite often seen in the north and west of the British Isles. The remaining bird, the chough, is distinctly rare, except in the west of Ireland.

Two of the five, the raven and the carrion crow, are completely black all over—plumage, bill, and feet. Two more, the rook and the jackdaw, are black all over except for a pale patch on the head. The fifth is the chough and it also has all-black plumage, but is easily distinguished by its bright red bill and legs.

As for size, the raven is the largest; then come the rook and the carrion crow, about equal; then the chough, a little smaller than the rook; and, smallest of all, the jackdaw.

The rook is the most familiar, because it nests in large colonies called rookeries, often quite close to houses and churches in both country and town and even in

mixed, are much the largest. Of course, you cannot just judge by the fact that the birds are in a flock or not. However, you can be sure that if they are nesting in a colony they are rooks, for though single rooks occasionally nest away from any rookery, carrion crows never nest together in adjacent trees.

So single black rook-sized birds in fields must be told by their plumage. Here you must look at the bird's head, for if it has a bare greyish patch at the base of the bill, it is an old rook. If it has not, it is either a young rook or a carrion crow at any age.

### In a good light

Luckily, young rooks are usually in the company of old rooks and so can be recognised, but an additional distinction between them and carrion crows is the baggy appearance of the feathers on their thighs. Also, if you get really close in a good light, the rook can be seen to have a purplish-blue sheen on its feathers, whereas a crow looks greenish. Again, the crow's voice is much harsher than the cawing of the rook.

The jackdaw presents no difficulty, for it has a conspicuous grey patch on the nape of the neck, is much smaller than a rook, and has a quick flight and sharp *chack* call, which easily

enables you to pick it out in a mixed flock of the two.

The raven is appreciably larger than the carrion crow, and has a longer head and heavier bill. But young ravens can confuse you unless you hear their very distinctive hoarse croak. Ravens are found mainly on sea cliffs, especially near Swanage, Dorset, and the Isle of Wight. But they also live in hill country of the north and west of Britain and in Ireland.

The chough is very distinctive, but you are unlikely to see it except in Ireland, West Wales, the Isle of Man or the Inner Hebrides. It is now almost extinct in Cornwall.

RICHARD FITTER



The harsh-voiced carrion crow



Little jackdaw John Markham

quite large towns such as Bristol and Oxford. It also feeds in large flocks on the fields. All the other black crows, even the carrion crow, may go in flocks, but those of the rook and jackdaw, often

# ON RECORD

## New discs to note

MAX BYGRAVES: *What's New At The Zoo* on Decca F11382. This is another song from *Do Re Mi* in which Max is the star. It is a nonsense song with a show-stopping tune. (45. 6s. 9d.)

RUBY MURRAY: *Tammy, Tell Me True* on Columbia DB4701. This charming melody from the film sequel to *Tammy* is ideal for Ruby's gentle singing. The many admirers of this delicate Irish girl will welcome her newest record. (45. 6s. 9d.)

THE VISCOUNTS: *Who Put The Bomp* on Pye N15379. This British vocal group takes a quiet dig at those who write the words for the current "beat" songs. "Who put the bomp in the bomp, bomp, bomp?" is their anxious inquiry. They maintain the beat but add a little humour. (45. 6s. 9d.)

IAN MENZIES: *Taboo* on Pye N12046. Ian and his Clyde Valley Stompers are a popular jazz band

JOAN SUTHERLAND: *The Art Of The Prima Donna* on Decca CEP705/6. These are the first two



extended-play records in a series which will give all the arias included on the two long-playing discs *The Art Of The Prima Donna*. This will give an opportunity to

those who could not afford the original releases to add this exquisite singing to their collection. No one interested in singing should be without these discs. Joan Sutherland was in wonderful voice during the recording sessions and the selection includes one of her own favourite arias from *La Traviata*. (EPs. 14s. each, available separately.)

THE SHADOWS: *Kon-tiki* on Columbia DB4698. The clever music-makers who call themselves The Shadows provide Cliff Richard with much of his rhythm on records. They play guitars with power and here they give rhythm fans a good new disc. This one is catchy and should prove a quick success. (45. 6s. 9d.)

EYDIE GORME: *What Happened To Our Love* on HMV POP 901. This young American has been described as the successor to Judy Garland, when the time comes to find one. She has the same warmth and vital personality as Judy, but she certainly does not attempt to copy her. She is very definitely an individual. This ballad is above average both in melody and lyrics and Eydie Gorme sings it superbly. (45. 6s. 9d.)



today. For this record they turn aside from some of the more frenzied numbers and play this Latin-American song. (45. 6s. 9d.)

## Gas heaters for railway points

To prevent trains from being delayed by frost this Winter, 586 gas heaters are being fitted to the points at important junctions in the North-Eastern Region. Fed with propane gas from storage tanks or cylinders, the heaters will be lit by hand wherever there are warnings of snow or heavy frost. The gas flames will burn inside ceramic blocks fastened to the rails, and so cannot be blown out by the wind.

# FEARLESS HARRY HAWKER—FLYING PIONEER AND RACING DRIVER (1)

Harry George Hawker was born on 22nd January, 1889, in Australia—in the village of Moorabbin, Victoria, where his father was a blacksmith and wheelwright. At the age of six he was sent to the first of many schools. Harry hated them all (he continually ran away) and paid little attention to his lessons.



Young Harry is already making his mark. But troubles lie ahead. See next week's instalment



The Children's newspaper, 30th September, 1961

Rashid Hasan's father, who is a servant to Mr. Khan, is accused by his employer of stealing. Rashid is convinced of his father's innocence and with his friend Abdul is determined to prove it. Rashid and Abdul stow away in the boot of Mahmoud the jeweller's car and are taken to his shop. Abdul nearly suffocates in the boot, but Rashid brings him round just in time.

## 7. Fire!

"SHALL you be going to school today?" Rashid asked Abdul as they struggled back home in the early dawn light.

Abdul gave a long yawn, but he said quite firmly:

"Of course I'll go. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

And he kept his word. Rashid, sleeping late, got up to find Abdul already gone. It was a nuisance because last night they had been too tired to plan, and now Rashid was on edge to go on with this puzzle which at last seemed to have some chance of leading to his father's freedom. But school must be fun, he thought wistfully, if Abdul was so anxious not to miss it. If only—when all this was over—they could go to school together!

## Impatient Rashid

The morning seemed endless. Rashid sat in the courtyard, waiting, and trying to think what it could be that Mr. Khan and Mahmoud had hidden in the shop.

When at last Abdul came sauntering through the gate, Rashid hailed him eagerly. But Abdul began to talk about school, and about the new things they had learned that morning. At any other time Rashid would have listened with absorbed interest, but now he interrupted:

"Don't let's bother with all that now. I do so want to talk to you about Khan Sahib and Mahmoud. What d'you think they were hiding?"

Abdul stared. He seemed almost to have forgotten this most important subject of all.

"I thought you wanted to know about school."

"I do . . . I do . . . only, don't you see? How can I think of anything else when my father is shut up in that little cell? Two days are gone already, and imagine what it must be like down there in that heat!"

## Depression

"I know." Abdul nodded, glancing at Rashid in apology. "I do understand. It's just that I feel tired and stupid after last night. I must sleep this afternoon."

"Well, afterwards. We'll talk afterwards?"

"Yes, of course. Listen, there's Mother calling. I'd better go. I'll meet you here in . . . well, about four o'clock. All right?"

Rashid felt depressed to think that he would have to wait so long. But it was only fair, for he had slept late and Abdul had got up early and been at school all the morning. He stretched himself full length on the ground and closed his eyes against the

# A thrilling tale of Pakistan RASHID TO THE RESCUE

by Constance  
M. White

sun, but only a moment later a splash of cold water on his face made him start upright. Shireen was standing over him, a cup of water in her hand from which she was spilling drops to tease him. He snatched the cup from her, laughing, and drank all the water.

"There! Now you can go and get some more for yourself."

Instead, she plumped herself down beside him.

"Would you like to know what Mahmoud said to Khan Sahib last night?"

He swung round to stare at her. "Last night? What happened? What did you hear?"

"I don't see why I should tell

She pouted. "Now you're trying to put me off. You might at least tell me where you went last night."

"I was with Abdul—that's all. There's Mother! It's dinner-time."

He escaped as soon as he could to the courtyard again, to wait impatiently for Abdul. He must—they must—find out something quickly.

As he sat there under the tree, Mr. Nasir came by.

"Any news of your father?" he asked.

"No, Sahib."

Mr. Nasir shook his head sadly.

"Tell me again, Rashid, exactly

at last. "But it's difficult to prove it."

As he turned on his heel and strode away, Shireen came running across the yard.

"Play *Keeri-kara* with me, Rashid," she begged, and for want of something better to do while he waited for Abdul, Rashid chalked out the square on the concrete path by the garages. He put the stone in the first division for Shireen to jump over, but his own jumps were half-hearted, and his sister was delighted when she beat him.

## Angry Shireen

But now, at last, here was Abdul. Shireen begged them both to play with her, but Rashid put his arm through Abdul's and drew him away.

"We can't. We've got other things to do," he said loftily.

Shireen kicked the stone across the yard, her face stormy.

"Why can't I come? I know what you're up to. I could help."

"You couldn't. Girls are always a nuisance," Rashid said.

As they went down the street Rashid told Abdul what Shireen had heard the previous night.

"Not that it means very much," he added. "We already know they're up to something. We've got to find out what they hid in the cabin. That's the next thing. I thought . . ."

They wandered on in the direction of the bazaar, inventing one plan after another. But they did not reach any conclusion. Everything depended on luck.

The narrow streets of the bazaar were crowded with shoppers. All the spicy, musty smells were caught and held in the intense, almost-suffocating heat.

## Watchful Mahmoud

Rashid and Abdul walked slowly past Mahmoud's cabin and then back again. There was no hope of a search, for Mahmoud himself was sitting in a chair behind the counter. His head nodded sleepily, but when Rashid moved nearer the small slitted eyes seemed to be watching him.

As they moved away, Rashid felt a small hand slip into his. Shireen was gazing up at him mischievously; all traces of her temper had gone.

"I knew you were coming here!" she cried gaily.

Rashid hardened his heart. He flung off the clinging hand and gave her a push.

"Don't follow us about. We don't want you, do we, Abdul?"

"Abdul doesn't mind," Shireen complained. "Do you Abdul?"

She looked at him so engagingly that he could only hang his big head and say nothing.

Rashid gave in. After all, there

was nothing they could do about Mahmoud now. Later, perhaps . . .

Shireen was happy now. She danced along beside them, pointing to all the attractive things she would buy if only she had the money. There was a crowd round a stall at the other end of the street, and she insisted on going to see what was happening.

## Leaving the fun

A man was selling fire-crackers for the coming festival, and lighting them to show how they worked. Shireen pushed right to the front until Rashid could see only the top of her dark curly head. He gave Abdul a nudge.

"Come on, we can lose her now! Let's go back . . ."

It was hard to drag themselves away from the fun, and as they drew nearer to Mahmoud's stall they saw that he, too, was interested. He had left his chair and was standing in the alleyway looking towards the scene of the excitement. Rashid pulled Abdul out of sight and whispered:

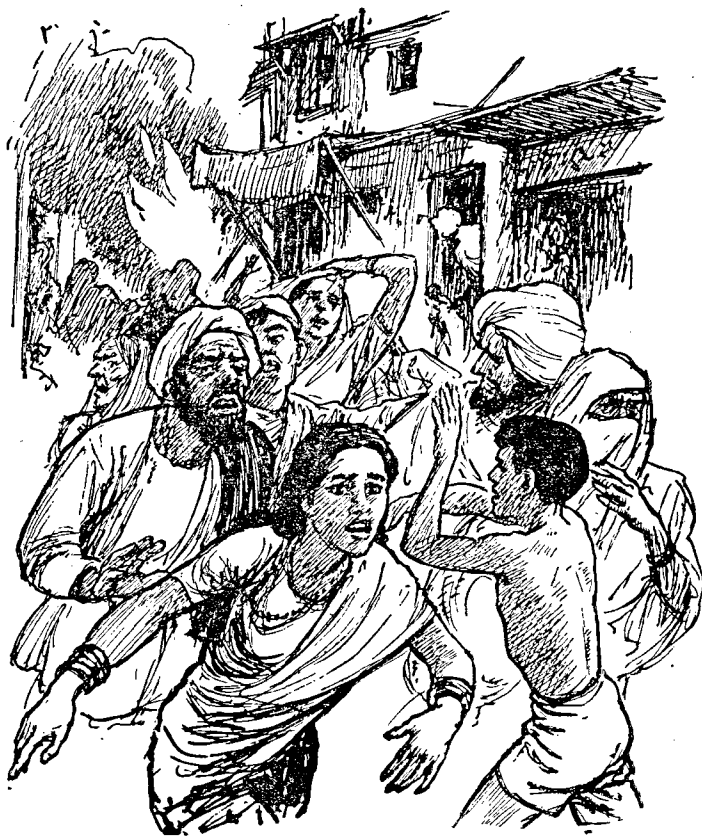
"Let's go round the back."

They squeezed between two other stalls, and Rashid recognised the space in which they had hidden the night before.

At the back of Mahmoud's jewellery shop there was a little dark room. Rashid peered through a crack between the boards, then he began to work at the crack with his fingers until he felt it widen.

"Keep a look-out," he told Abdul. "I believe this board's

Continued on page 10



People were swarming down the street in terror

you, really," answered Shireen. "You don't tell me anything . . ."

"Oh, don't be silly! Come on, now, you may as well say . . ."

Rashid gave her a nudge with his elbow, and she leaned closer.

"Well, last night I woke up and you weren't there. So I went out on to the balcony, and I heard Mahmoud say to Khan Sahib: 'I still say you should have brought it here!' and Khan Sahib said: 'What are you frightened of? I'm the one who takes the risks . . . What do you think he meant?'"

Rashid hesitated. Here was another piece to fit into the puzzle, but he wished now that he had not shown Shireen how anxious he was to hear what she had to say. He must try to keep her out of it all.

"I expect it was . . . oh, well, some business deal, I s'pose."

what happened, as far as you know it."

For a moment Rashid thought he would tell Mr. Nasir what his father had told him about all the money Mr. Khan had been counting. But something held him back. Mr. Nasir did not seem to like Mr. Khan much, but Sahibs did talk together, and if it should leak out that Rashid had been putting such stories about, the Hasan family would surely be turned out of their home. Even as it was, they expected it every day.

So Rashid only told Mr. Nasir what everyone knew; that his father had been accused of stealing money.

"But my father wouldn't," he finished. "My father's honest."

Mr. Nasir stood looking at Rashid.

"I believe in your father's innocence, too," he said quietly,

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## WORLD OF STAMPS

# FLAGS OF THE NATIONS IN YOUR ALBUM

WHEN the Queen and Prince Philip pay their Royal Visit to West Africa this Winter, they are sure to be greeted wherever they go by lots of little negro children waving gaily coloured flags. Many of the children will wave Union Jacks, just as British children do on similar occasions.

Almost everyone is proud of his—or her—country's flag, so it is not surprising that flags have been featured on stamps from many lands.

The Union Jack, for instance, forms the background to the 1d. and 1½d. stamps issued in Britain in 1929. The stamps honoured the meeting of the Universal Postal Union held that year in London.

The Union Jack is sometimes accidentally flown upside down. This is a mistake easily made by anyone who does not remember that the broader stripe of white in the St. Andrew's Cross must be uppermost at the side of the flag next to the flag-staff. On a Jamaican 2½d. stamp of 1919 the artist carelessly drew the Union Jack upside down at one side of the design. Two years later the design was re-drawn correctly.

The Union Jack forms part of New Zealand's national flag, which

provides the design of the recent 9d. stamp pictured here. The dark blue background has four stars in red with a white border. These represent the Southern Cross, the brilliant constellation that is to be seen in the sky above countries which, like New Zealand, lie south of the Equator.

American children are particularly proud of their handsome flag,

which we know as the Stars and Stripes but which Americans also call "Old Glory." As long ago as 1869 the Stars and Stripes was featured on an American stamp. That was the first flag stamp ever issued.

The 13 red and white stripes in the flag represent the original 13 American States which in 1776 declared themselves independent of British rule. Each of the white stars in the blue quarter, or canton, as it is called, stands for one of the States of the Union.

An American stamp issued in 1957 showed 48 stars in the canton. Shortly afterwards the

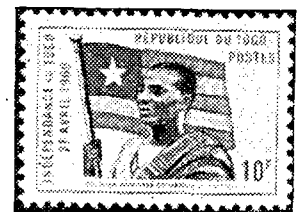


territory of Alaska was admitted to the Union, so the flag had to be altered to include the extra star.

Not long ago Hawaii became the 50th State and the flag was altered once again. The stamp pictured here shows the new "Old Glory" with its 50 stars.

Several United Nations stamps, including the 3-cents value pictured here, shows the blue flag of the United Nations Organisation.

Altogether there must be several thousand stamps which feature flags in their designs. A selection of them makes a most striking



display, and the attractive one pictured here, recently issued, shows Mr. Sylvanus Olympio, Prime Minister of the Republic of Togo, proudly holding his country's flag.

C. W. HILL

## Rashid to the Rescue

Continued from page 9  
loose. If I could shift it I might be able to squeeze in . . ."

Soon there was a gap between the boards, large enough for him to get his hand through, but he could not make it bigger, however hard he tried. He looked through. There were a lot of cardboard boxes piled up in the corner, a small table and a chair, an old carpet folded in a sort of heap . . .

### The bulging sack

Rashid pulled the corner of the carpet and it slid away, showing a small, bulging sack. Could that be what Mr. Khan had been carrying last night? If only he could see in! But the sack was tied at the top with string and he needed two hands. Rashid glanced round in desperation. On the ground beside him was a small piece of broken glass. He snatched it up, and, putting his hand through the hole again, rubbed at the string with it. His hand was bleeding before it gave way, but the mouth of the sack was open! Inside, Rashid could feel hard grains sift through his fingers. He

lifted some up to the peephole, and his face fell in disappointment.

Rice! Only rice!

Unless—something was hidden in the rice . . .? He thrust his hand in once more. But at that moment he heard screams. People were running and shouting and pushing.

"Rashid!" Abdul gave Rashid a dig in the back. "It's a fire!"

Rashid could hear the shouts.

"Fire! The crackers have set the place on fire!" a man said in his ear, and dashed away again.

### Where's Shireen?

Rashid looked at Abdul, fear in his eyes.

"Shireen! She was right in front of the stall!"

They both began to run. It did not matter now what was in the sack. Rashid could think only of Shireen's small laughing face. She wouldn't be laughing now. She would be terribly frightened . . .

People were swarming down the street in terror. As he pushed

against the tide he could see a cloud of smoke winding upward, and with it a spurt of flame. In this narrow alley the fire would spread quickly.

Rashid pushed desperately through the crowd. A woman screamed and a child fell. He picked up the little boy and thrust him into his mother's arms, then struggled on, panic filling his mind.

"Shireen! Where are you? Shireen!"

To be continued

## Prizes for CN readers

Footballs for the boys, Netballs for girls—those were the prizes in our competition in CN dated 26th August. Here are the winners: Sandra Bailey, Shrewsbury; Rosslyn Bond, Brighton; Megan Eyre, Hull; Robert Goodall, Oxted; Michael Hatfield, Sheffield; Robert Hill, Harrow-on-the-Hill; Jennifer Lomas, Nottingham; Deborah Lusby, West-cliff-on-Sea; David Rogers, Haslemere; and Louisa Walne, Leicester.

Solution: 1 willow; 2 banyan; 3 elm; 4 maple; 5 beech; 6 alder; 7 cedar; 8 pine.

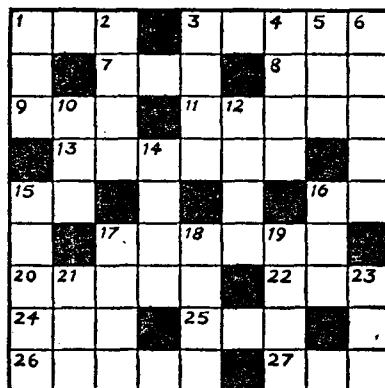


# PUZZLE PARADE

## The wonders of chance

IN a game of bridge in Cape Town not long ago, each of the four players was dealt a complete suit of 13 cards. Such an occurrence is calculated to be one chance in 635,013,559,600. The total number of variations possible among all the players in a game is so enormous as to be beyond understanding.

The celebrated mathematician Charles Babbage calculated that if a million men were engaged in dealing cards at the rate of one deal every minute day and night for a hundred million years, they would not have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards, but only a hundred-thousandth part of them.



Answer next week

### Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Opening. 3 Odds and ends. 7 Decay. 8 Alabama. 9 A pair. 11 Equipped with weapons. 13 Proverbs. 15 United Nations. 16 French for of. 17 Sharpness or perception. 20 Long, audible breaths. 22 Flow back. 24 Before. 25 Old measure. 26 Trials. 27 Boy.

READING DOWN. 1 Obtained. 2 Poke. 3 Male deer. 4 Butts. 5 Beverage. 6 Priest. 10 Pale. 12 Measure of paper—480 sheets. 14 Cunning. 15 Disturb. 16 Dictionary of National Biography. 17 Eras. 18 Employes. 19 Snake-like fish. 21 Anger. 23 Cake.

## ALL CHANGE!

In this word puzzle, the two incomplete words in each sentence are anagrams; that is, they consist of the same letters re-arranged. The dots stand for the missing letters. Example: danger, ranged.

Answers are given in column 4

- The ship's m . . . . . was drenched by a s . . . . . of water.
- We shall d . . . . . to your opinion and thus be f . . . . . from having to make our own decision.
- She is inclined to l . . . . . about and shows no z . . . . . for her work.
- He continued travelling to t . . . . . every morning as was his w . . . . .
- His manner was s . . . . . when he demanded the r . . . . . from his tenants.
- I am too a . . . . . to suppose that this s . . . . . is a genuine antique.
- Slow and steady
- Smoothly, connected
- With a trembling effect
- Chord whose notes are played in ascending or descending sequence
- Increasing the sound gradually

## Billy builds a glider

BILLY and Paul were reading about the gliding competition in the newspaper when Mummy came in.

"Come on you two, you can make yourselves useful for once. Go and chop me some firewood. There are lots of boxes in the shed."

After a few minutes of breaking up boxes Paul looked at Billy. "Do you think we could build a glider?" he asked.

"Why not?" said Billy. "It's only made of wood. No engine or anything."

For the next two hours while Mummy was shopping, the sound of banging came from the tool shed. Then Billy and Paul ran out carrying their glider. It didn't look too much like a glider, but it did have a fuselage and wings.

"Glider have to be towed up before they can come down," said Billy. "But how do we get it up?"

"Supposing I pull it along on my bike," suggested Paul. But that did not work—the string broke. They then put the glider on roller skates; but no matter how hard Paul pulled, the plane remained on the ground.

"Why not pull it up into the tree and make it take off from there?" said Billy.

They climbed up with the plane into the branches. But when Billy carefully launched his new aircraft, it just fell like a stone and smashed to pieces.

The two boys gazed down thoughtfully at the wreckage. "Didn't glide very well, did it?" said Paul as mummy appeared.

"What on earth have you got there?" she asked.

"Just a heap of firewood you wanted," said Billy sadly.

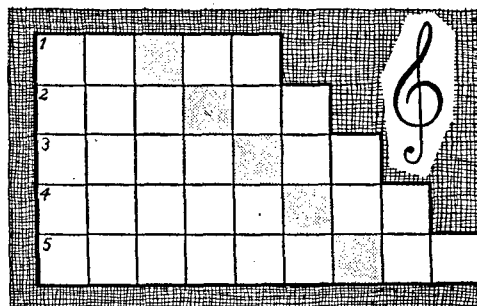
## THIS WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS

If you have a birthday this week you share it with one of the following famous people:

- |                |  |
|----------------|--|
| 24th September | Sir Alan Herbert, author                   |
| 25th September | Dennis Noble, baritone                     |
| 26th September | George Gershwin, composer                  |
| 27th September | Sir Ian Jacob, former BBC Director-General |
| 28th September | Peter Finch, actor                         |
| 29th September | Anita Ekberg, film actress                 |
| 30th September | Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse       |

## MUSICAL ANSWERS WANTED

First, find the answer to each clue, which is concerned with a term in music. When you have done so, take the letters in the shaded squares and re-arrange them to form the name of a musical instrument.



## FOR CEMENTING FRIENDSHIP?

It is estimated that the U.S.S.R. will produce 51 million tons of cement this year. By 1965 output will have risen to 85 million tons annually.

## Muddled Counties

Below are the jumbled names of nine counties of England and Scotland. How quickly can you sort them out? To help you, each name begins with the same letter.

Kirlsek; roftardsfishe; yurser; horseshirp; exsuss; rometess; folskuf; hutslander; linstirg.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

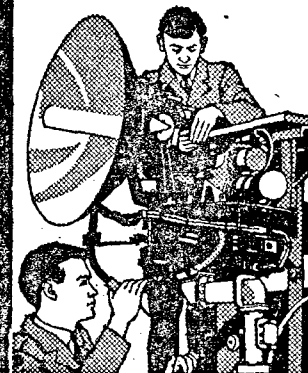
What's my name? Charlton. Muddled Counties: Selkirk; Staffordshire; Surrey; Shropshire; Sussex; Somerset; Suffolk; Sutherland; Sirling.

MUSICAL ANSWERS WANTED: LARGO, LEGATO, TREMOLO, ARPEGGIO, CRESCENDO. Word Square: RACE, A VOW, CONE, EWER.

## ALL CHANGE!

1 Master, stream. 2 defer, freed. 3 laze, zeal. 4 town, wont. 5 stern, rents. 6 astute, statue.

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE OF BIRTH \_\_\_\_\_

The Future is with the R.A.F.

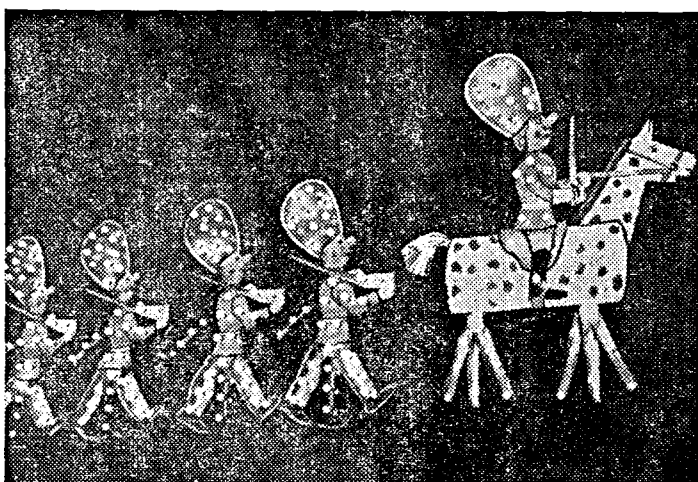
## What's my name?

My first is in cap but not in hat,  
My second's in thin but not in fat,  
My third is in all and also in each,  
My fourth is in pear but not in peach,  
My fifth is in lens but not in eye,  
My sixth is in stable and also in sty,  
My seventh's in book but not in read,  
My last is in action but not in deed.  
My whole is twice known in the soccer game,  
Both a team and a player bear my name.

## WORD SQUARE

SPEED contest  
Declare openly  
Fruit of the fir  
Jug

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# First junior champion at STANLEY MATTHEWS SHINES AT WIMBLEDON

## Tenpins

How many of you know what a "spare," a "split" or a "strike" is? Or what game they are part of?

Six months ago 15-year-old Christopher Sang had not heard of them either, but today he is quite an authority on them. They are terms used in Britain's newest sport, Tenpin Bowling, and Chris has just become the first Junior Champion in England.

Chris lives in Hove, the only town in Great Britain to have two Tenpin Bowling Centres, and during the school holidays attended the free bowling school for children held every afternoon. Hundreds of boys and girls were taught the correct way to play, and at the end of the course the first Southern Area Junior Singles Tournament was held. Chris won the finals with a three-game total of 491 pins, which is remarkably high for a youngster.



Christopher's father is the Commodore of the Royal Mail Lines. But despite all the interest and excitement of a life at sea, Chris wants to make his career in Tenpin Bowling.

## RUNNER TAKES TO THE WATER

ONLY a year ago Dorothy Hyman was Britain's best sprinter, and won a silver medal in the Olympic Games in Rome. But she has been out of athletics all this season because of a ruptured leg muscle.

Now she has taken to the water, on doctor's orders. Twice a week she goes to the baths at Barnsley for half-an-hour's swimming. Dorothy hopes that this will cure the trouble and

enable her to be at her best for next year's Empire and European Games.



## First of the Rugby League Tests

ON Saturday the Great Britain and New Zealand Rugby League teams will meet at Headingley, Leeds, in the first of the season's three Test Matches.

On their last appearance in a Test Match on this ground, in 1955, New Zealand sprang a surprise by beating a strong Lions' side 28 points to 13; but most observers do not regard the present Kiwi tourists as quite as strong as that last team. Nevertheless, it should be a fine game to watch as the New Zealand brand of football is of the fast, open variety which makes Rugby

League so good when played this way.

The 1961 Kiwi party is a young one with 19-year-old Roger Bailey of Auckland the "baby" of the side. He is a fast and penetrative centre. His brother Gary is also in the party as another centre. Two other brothers are full-back W. R. Harrison and R. W. Harrison, a forward. Eight of the party are Maoris.

A special feature of the touring party is that no fewer than 20 of the 26 players are products of the New Zealand R.L. National Coaching School. Each year 26

OUTSTANDING player at the recent junior lawn tennis championships of Great Britain was undoubtedly Stanley Matthews. Although not yet 16, Stanley won the singles title for the second year running and was on the winning side in the boys' doubles and mixed doubles.

The winner of the girls' title for the past two years, 17-year-old Robin Blakelock, failed in her attempt to become the first girl to win the title three years running since Betty Nuthall did so in 1924, 1925, 1926. She was beaten in the final by Frances Walton of Middlesex.

Robin, who has robins embroidered on her racket covers and tennis dresses, returned from a tennis tour of Turkey, Greece,

and the Lebanon for the tournament.

Another player who came a long way was Roger Jones, a 17-year-old from Minehead, Somerset. Roger is now on a four-year physical education scholarship at Mississippi State University, and to reach Wimbledon he worked his way on a cargo ship—washing up, painting, and scrubbing decks. He reached the semi-finals of the singles and was losing finalist in both doubles. Now he is returning to America—with more deck-scrubbing on the way.



Robin with her robin-embroidered racket covers

## World Cup-tie for England

ENGLAND'S international team will be on World Cup duty this week, for at Highbury on Thursday they meet Luxembourg, whom they beat 9-0 in the first leg of their tie last October. Victory would give England 5 points from 3 games, which would mean that everything may depend upon the match with Portugal to be played next month at Wembley. But for Luxembourg, a gallant team of amateurs, Thursday's match can be little more than valuable experience.

Two of the players who appeared for England last season will not be included in this week's game. They are Jimmy Greaves and Gerry Hitchens, now with Italian clubs. The selectors have decided not to ask for their release—though they may well return for the Portugal match.

## NEW SKIPPER FOR LEICESTERSHIRE

LEICESTERSHIRE C.C.C. will be led next Summer by the youngest captain in first-class cricket, David Kirby. This 23-year-old ex-skipper of Cambridge University takes over the leadership, and the post of assistant-secretary, from Willie Watson.

David Kirby will have as his vice-captain Maurice Hallam, one of the finest opening batsmen in the country, and one who achieved a remarkable perform-

ance during the past Summer. In the match against Sussex at Worthing he carried his bat for 203 runs in Leicester's first innings, and for 143 in the second. He fielded during both Sussex innings, holding five catches, so was on the field throughout the whole three days of the match. The last time this happened was in 1911, when C. J. B. Wood, also of Leicestershire, did it against Yorkshire at Bradford.

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